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HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE LONG AGO.*

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book from Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

These were the words that saved Old Oregon and the Pacific Northwest to the government of the United States.

Seventy-five years ago four Nez Perces Indians made a horseback journey of 2,000 miles to St. Louis to learn of the white man's God and the Book of Heaven. During the winter which they spent there, two of them died, and the remaining two were preparing to return the following spring, when one of them was reported to have made the foregoing speech. This is said to have been taken down at the time by one of the clerks in the Indian office and was sent East and published in the religious papers of the Atlantic Coast with ringing editorials. It so fired the hearts of a few devoted, earnest Christian men and women that they answered the call and came West.

The authenticity of this incident has been questioned, but General Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and George

*Address at ceremonies before the Whitman grave, Nov. 29, 1907.

Catlin, the famous painter of Indian portraits, and who painted the likeness of the two surviving Indians, which are now in the Museum of Indian Portraits in Washington City, are authority for the truth of the statement that this was the object of their visit. It is possible that this may have been a free translation of what he said, and slightly embellished, although it bears the marks of true Indian eloquence. Of the substantial fact, however, that the four Indians went East for that purpose, that one of them made it known in this way, and that it influenced the early missionaries to come to Oregon, there is little reason to doubt.

Early in 1834 Reverends Jason and Daniel Lee, accompanied by two laymen, one named Cyrus Shepard and the other P. L. Edwards, started West and made the journey overland across the continent to bring to these hungry souls the Bread of Life. Two months after they left the Missouri River, another man, Rev. Samuel Parker, arrived there, intending to make the same journey, for the same purpose, but was too late, the caravan having already been gone some weeks, and he was obliged to return home. The following year, however, he having secured Dr. Marcus Whitman as his companion, came West on an exploring tour. When they reached the heart of the Rocky Mountains they met a band of the Nez Perces tribe, and were so impressed with the practicability and importance of establishing a mission among them that Dr. Whitman returned East, the same year, taking with him two Nez Perces Indian boys. Dr. Parker continued his journey toward the setting sun to complete the exploration. In the spring of 1836 the Doctor, having meantime married, he persuaded Rev. and Mrs. Spaulding to accompany them, they started West to obey the call. They were joined by a young man by the name of William H. Gray. And here was another turning point in American destiny. These two young women, with hearts brave and true, one of them a bride, were the advance guard of American civilization in the Northwest. Their presence here was a power the agents of the British government could not resist. In 1837 a ship sailed round the Horn and came to the Columbia River by way of the Sandwich Islands, arriving in May of that year, bringing wives and companions to the Lees, who, having missed the Nez Perces tribe, had by the advice of Dr. John McLoughlin, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, settled in the Willamette Valley, about ten miles from where Salem now stands. Another reinforcement followed Whitman and Spaulding in 1838, composed of

Reverends Cushing Eells, A. B. Smith and Elknah Walker, with their brides, also Mr. Gray and his bride, he having gone back the previous year and married. These all settled east of the Cascade Mountains. In 1839 a shipload of more than fifty persons left Boston to strengthen the Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley, sailed round to the Columbia River, arriving in June, 1840, and thus between thirty-five and forty families of American blood, parentage and affiliation came and settled in Old Oregon as the direct result of that one speech, and the ultimate fate of British supremacy on the Northwest Coast was sealed.

Man proposes but God disposes. These people came to Christianize the Indians. In this they failed, but saved the country. Less than ten years from the arrival of the Lees in this country, one had died and the other had left the country, never to return, and the mission work was abandoned. As on the New England Coast two centuries before, a fatal malady swept the Indians of the lower Columbia and the Willamette Valley from the face of the earth. The opportunity of the missionaries was gone, and the mission was broken up. Not, however, until from its ruins the foundation upon which Willamette University has since been reared was laid. That institution, the outgrowth of the devotion and sacrifice of those early pioneers, has fitted and sent out thousands of young men and women for the important duties of life and it stands today as a monument to the piety and heroism of those early Christians. And the words of the Indian started them West.

Beside the missionaries sent out by the two denominations heretofore named, there were others who came to the Coast in those early days inspired by the same words and actuated by the same purpose to do good to the Indians. Rev. J. S. Griffin, Rev. Harvey Clarke and Mr. A. T. Smith came in 1840 as independent missionaries. Finding their occupation gone and their intentions thwarted they, too, turned their attention to educational matters. These settled in Tualatin Plains and took donation claims. Messrs. Clarke and Smith in West Tualatin. The gold craze of 1848 almost depopulated the Willamette Valley of men, and many orphans and half orphan children were left in a sad plight. It was then that old Grandma Bown found her mission. She opened her arms and the doors of her log cabins to the fatherless and motherless ones. While she fed and clothed them Mr. Clarke taught them. The orphan school became Tualatin Academy. The missionaries who had been driven out of the country east of the Cascade Mountains set-

tled near there and gave it their moral and financial support. Mr. Clarke gave half of his 640-acre donation claim to help found it, and Pacific University was the outgrowth of the devotion and sacrifice of those early pioneers. Its influence has been felt far and wide and it, too, stands today as a monument to the piety and heroism of those early Christians. And the words of the Indian started them West.

Not content with a single institution of learning in Oregon, those early Methodist missionaries felt that the promising City of Portland must be supplied. Father Wilbur was one of the early ones, though not the first, and was largely instrumental in putting Portland Academy on its feet, and although a lesser light, not less brilliant has been its rays, or less intense its influence for good. And the Indian's speech sent the founder of that school out West.

In 1859 Cushing Eells, who had taught in both of the embryo Universities of Oregon, and was much interested in educational matters, visited the site of the Whitman mission in this valley and became profoundly impressed with the importance of founding an institution of learning in this section, and the suitability of locating it on the spot where the blood of the martyrs was shed. It was afterward located in this city, and Whitman College is the fourth institution of learning established by those who were inspired to come West by the plaintive appeal of the Indian. What a record!

But to return now to 1836. When those two lovely, charming, refined young women, the brides of Messrs. Whitman and Spaulding, nearly seventy-two years ago determined to leave their homes, friends, comforts and everything that life holds most dear, to come to the wilds of Oregon, they little knew what would be required of them, or what important services they were to perform. They thought they were answering the call of the Master. Many thought they were fanatics. They were imbued with a spirit of devotion that enabled them to overcome appalling obstacles. From every quarter hands were stretched out to hold them back. "It is certain death to go." "You can not live through it." "The Indians will surely kill you." "The wild beasts will devour you." "You will starve to death," etc., etc. When they arrived at St. Louis they were not welcomed by the officers of the American Fur Company, who were to be their escorts. They tried to get rid of them. Other means failing, they were sent up the river to Liberty Landing as a suitable place to procure horses and an outfit. An agree-

ment was made by the company that the steamer, which would start in a few days, laden with their equipments, for Council Bluffs, should call for them. In due time the steamer left St. Louis as agreed upon, but when opposite Liberty Landing it sailed right by, purposely leaving them behind. "We'll not be bothered with those petticoats now," said they. But they reckoned without their host. With all possible haste Dr. Whitman and the ladies (Mr. Spaulding had gone on ahead with their animals and wagons) secured conveyances and proceeded on to Council Bluffs, only to find that the caravan had left five or six days ahead of them. Nothing daunted, they started on a three hundred mile race to catch up. They were inexperienced, everything was new and strange, the ladies were unaccustomed to this kind of travel, with unbroken horses; they had all kinds of exasperating delays. But they won. Early in June the captain of the caravan looked back, saw the dust, and later, after dark, they came into camp, hale and hearty. The captain was beat—he acknowledged defeat. Those women were plucky—they would do—and the innate gallantry of the true gentleman asserted itself toward the ladies of the party, and they were thereafter treated with the kindest consideration, which they requited by making themselves the center of its social life. Dangers they had in abundance. One day a whole herd of buffaloes came dashing at the center of the column and was turned aside from trampling them all to death only by the most strenuous efforts of the hunters, and it was after a score of their number had bitten the dust that they shifted their course enough to dash alongside in countless thousands with eyes gleaming fire and uttering unearthly groans and making the earth tremble with their tread. Rivers had to be crossed where the water came within a few inches of the tops of the horses backs on which they rode, or they were towed over while lying on rafts of willows by Indians on horses swimming under the riders. Food gave out—nothing but green Buffalo meat for days and weeks together. No beds but the bare ground, under the glaring heat of the pitiless sun or suffering from the biting storms, exhausted and hungry, faint and weary, they still journeyed on, and on, and on.

One of them has reported that on the Fourth of July they, though but few in number, remembered the day. The good minister, with the Bible in one hand and the American flag in the other, gave thanks for the protection of the past and prayed for blessings for the future, while symbolically they took

possession of the unbounded West as what it afterwards became the home of American mothers.

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains they met large numbers of wild Indians who had never seen a white woman, and wilder white men who had nearly forgotten the sight. They also there meet a strong delegation of the Nez Percés Indians whom they were coming to teach, who gave them a most hearty welcome. Mrs. Whitman writes: "When I alighted from my horse I was met by a company of matronly-looking Indian women, each one of whom gave me a most hearty kiss, which affected me very much." The farther west they came, the rougher was the road, the steeper were the hills and the more severe the strain on their exhausted bodies.

When after four months of travel they emerged on the western slope of the Blue Mountains, what a sight met their gaze! The beautiful valley of the Columbia was before them, with the hoary heads of Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens looming up in the distance, and the setting sun just peeping out behind one of them. Two days later, after partaking of a hasty breakfast at daybreak, on fresh horses the Doctor and his wife galloped eight miles to Fort Old Walla Walla. Their long, tedious, dangerous land journey was over. They were met by the gentlemen of the fort, who gave them a most cordial welcome. After the usual introductions and salutations, they entered the fort and were comfortably seated in cushioned armchairs. Breakfast was being served as they rode up, and all were soon seated at the table, and treated to food such as they had not tasted for many months. Says Mrs. Whitman: "While at breakfast a young rooster placed himself on the sill of the door and crowed a joyful welcome to the first American white woman who came to this State," which she fully appreciated and fully enjoyed. A day or two later Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding arrived.

They were now in the lap of civilization. Their long, toilsome, dangerous land journey was done. White women had traveled overland from the Atlantic shores to where the breezes from the Pacific fanned their cheeks. They had done the impossible. Notwithstanding the scores of warnings they had received they were now here. Rev. Jason Lee, who had crossed the plains two years before, had written back that it was impossible for a white woman to endure its hardships and dangers. Mr. Spaulding wrote to the Home Board: "Never send another white woman over those mountains if you have any regard for human life." But they did, for two years later four white American

women of similar calibre, two of whom have sons on this platform tonight, one of whom is the speaker, made the same journey in the same way, under similar circumstances and with similar experiences. Afterwards others followed. Seven years later the first train of wagons, under the guidance of the husband of one of those two brave women, rolled across the plains and closed up the connection between the two oceans by a wagon road. But these two women were the first—the advance guard. They blazed the trail which others followed. Their coming was the entering wedge of civilization, and to them more than to any other is due the credit, the honor, the glory of saving the Pacific Northwest to the government of the United States. All hail to womanhood—not a whit behind man in heroism, fortitude and patriotism—and in what she has done for her country and her race!

But what of the gallants who brought them This from Mrs. Whitman: "Tell mother that if I had looked the world over I could not have found a husband more careful and better qualified to transport a female such a distance." What could they have done without their squires? The greatest men are the most tender of women.

In reviewing the past and ascribing due credit to each for what he or she did for our country, it is important to consider the situation of affairs at that time. As is well known, two governments were vying with each other for the supremacy of the Pacific Northwest. It was tacitly understood that the nationality of those who should settle here would have much to do in the ultimate settlement of this question. There were three natural divisions of the country in dispute. The country south of the Columbia River, which now includes the State of Oregon and a part of Idaho, was the southern division. That north of the same river up to the forty-ninth parallel, and which now includes the State of Washington and the northern part of Idaho, was the middle section, and from that line to $54^{\circ} 40'$, now a part of British Columbia, was the northern division. Each government had special claims for each. The claim of the British government for the southern division was comparatively weak—that of the United States government for the northern division was also not strong. The middle division (our own State) was the real battleground of the controversy. Here was located the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations, most of their important trading posts, and property claimed by them, a few years later, to be worth two million dollars. At the same

time, there were complications that made the whole section likely to go together. There were, too, questions of state that had most important bearing, independent of the circumstances and particular value of either division or the whole of it. All these had to be considered. No one overtopped all the others. In the work that the early pioneers did for the ascending of our own government, the importance of what they did should be gauged to some extent by the danger of losing the particular section affected by their individual work.

The first Americans who came to the Coast were the members of the Methodist mission. Failing to meet the tribe of Indians who had sent their messengers East, they very naturally came to Vancouver, where Dr. McLoughlin, the Hudson's Bay Governor of the West, had his headquarters. He shrewdly advised them to settle in the Willamette Valley, south of the Columbia, and in the southern division. The first settlements were made in the rich agricultural lands of that section. The first organized effort to form a provincial government was made there, and ably assisted, if not led, by the members of this mission. The first memorials to Congress, taken there by Rev. Jason Lee, were prepared and signed there. The first strong appeal to members of Congress, giving information of the importance and nature of that region, was made by Mr. Lee. All this had a strong influence with our statesmen, and had an important bearing on the final settlement of the question. But all of this referred to that division of the country that the Hudson's Bay Company prized the least. They were in the fur business and had but little trade in that section. The natural effect of this awakening of interest in the question among our own statesmen was to stir up the English government to make efforts to hold on to the prize that seemed to be slipping from their grasp. The inaccessibility of this distant region and the sterility of the soil of the other sections was enlarged upon, and special efforts were made to impress our statesmen with its worthlessness, especially that of these two northern divisions. They were extremely anxious to hold on to this part if they could not secure possession of the whole. The knowledge of its mineral resources was carefully concealed. It was about this time that the question began to be pressed to final settlement. But the strongest adverse argument was its utter inaccessibility by land. While these questions were pending the emigration of 1842 arrived in this valley. The means of communication were scarce then—certain information, whether cor-

rect or not, we can not now say; but which he regarded as of great importance, was imparted to Dr. Whitman. He was profoundly stirred. At the same time the affairs of his mission were not satisfactory. From his standpoint, and with his prejudices and feelings, it appeared to him that the antagonism of the adherents of another faith were supported by the officers of a foreign government, and were crippling his work more than anything else. For his mission to succeed there must be a free government, and he was intensely patriotic. He was roused to action and made that wonderful ride across the continent in the fall and winter of that year, accompanied by A. L. Lovejoy, who had brought him the news. He did not live to publish the story of his experiences. That was gleaned from his traveling companion. No one can read that simple tale without being profoundly impressed with his iron will, his indomitable energy and his great endurance.

Early in 1843 he was in Washington City. The Secretary of War was his old classmate. Of his interviews with the President, Secretary of State and members of Congress there is no record written down at the time except some correspondence between Dr. Whitman and the Secretary of War, his personal friend. Like Lee, his predecessor, he no doubt mingled freely with men of influence, gave them information and used arguments to convince them of the importance and value of Oregon. His verbal reports to his co-laborers on his return, as remembered by them and published many years afterwards, are to the effect that the impossibility of a wagon road across the Rocky or Stony Mountains was freely discussed. He, asserting its practicability (he had brought one wagon through already), others its impossibility. He was given time to make the trial, and further negotiations were suspended. This is the testimony of those to whom he told his experiences after his return.

Whether or not he had much to do with organizing that emigration is not essential; it is certain that he encouraged many. He probably did not advise anyone to stay at home. It is also certain that he accompanied them, that he rendered most important and valuable services on the way, and the testimony is convincing that at the critical period of its success or failure when at Fort Hall, his influence turned the scale, saved the emigration from being turned again south, as it had been done the year before, and made the wagon road from ocean to ocean an accomplished fact. The importance of this can hardly be overestimated. Like a fairy tale, the incredulous were loath to be-

lieve it at first, but each succeeding year confirmed its practicality until our Government fully realized it, and the treaty was finally made giving to us the country we could reach with wagons.

Having done what he could, he again returned to his duties and his special work. His motto seemed to be "ever ready to help." The testimony is strong and unanimous that of those who passed his door, the hungry were never turned empty away. His steadfastness and zeal were apparent in his work at home as well as in his journey East, until death overtook him while at his post of duty.

The importance of the work of Dr. Whitman and his co-laborers as missionaries has not, I think, been fully realized. As said before, through no fault of theirs, disease and death extinguished the work of the Methodist missionaries in the Willamette Valley. They still did most important work in Americanizing the provincial government of Oregon. They helped to give it a high moral tone. The first prohibition laws in the United States were enacted there, and by their assistance in conjunction with Dr. McLoughlin. But the work for the Indians had no lasting effect. This condition did not obtain among the Indians east of the Cascade Mountains. The impression prevails among many that, as the Indians killed Dr. Whitman, therefore no religious influence had been felt among them. This is a mistake. The contrary is the fact. The unfortunate murder of the whites living in this valley was followed by the abandonment of the other two stations and the departure of their missionaries. But the results of their work was not lost. The Cayuse war practically extinguished the Cayuse tribe. Most of what were left joined other tribes. One band, however, numbering about forty-five persons, remained true to their religious faith. During the existence of the mission a printing press had been received from the Sandwich Islands and used quite extensively at the station among the Nez Perces Indians. Numbers of books were printed containing parts of the Gospels, and many songs. Some of the Indians learned to use them. After their teachers left they continued the worship of the true God, and I wish to say in passing that the work that Mrs. Spaulding did to bring this to pass was most effective. The Spokane Indians also continued steadfast in their religious services. When, ten years later, Gov. Stevens met the Indians to make treaties with them, it was reported that one-third of the Nez Perces tribe were nominally Christian. It was largely due to the influence of these

Christian Indians that bloodshed was averted and Gov. Stevens made what progress he did in his treaty work, and, at a later time, got away with his life. It was the friendly Christian Indians who caught and delivered up the murderers of Dr. Whitman and his companions. The band of the Spokane Indians among whom Messrs. Walker and Eells lived and labored never joined the hostiles. At the time of our general Indian wars, in 1855-6, the influence of the Christian Indians living east of the Cascade Mountains was very important in preserving the lives of the whites and ultimately securing the supremacy of our arms. And twenty-five years later, when the peace policy adopted by General Grant, at that time President of the United States, made it practicable for religious work to be resumed among them, it was found that more than five hundred Indians who had previously been under the influence of Dr. Whitman and his co-laborers were consistent Christians, and immediately became communicants in Congregational or Presbyterian churches. Since that time a Bible school has been established among the Nez Perces Indians, and scores of young men have been educated and sent out as preachers and religious teachers to the members of their own and other neighboring tribes. These fruits of the work of this little band of those early missionaries among the Indians living east of the Cascade Mountains testify to the high character, the devotion and true piety of Dr. Whitman and his associates. They were true, devoted and faithful, and, as far as circumstances beyond their control would permit, successful. They did their work, both as citizens and Christians, well. That a small band of renegade Indians of a proud and arrogant tribe, under adverse influences, rose up and murdered all the white Americans in this part of the country, under the mistaken idea that they (the Americans) were coming to deprive them of their country, and that Dr. Whitman, having been active in assisting them to come here, was their worst enemy, does not militate against his character as a devoted Christian missionary.

I would not wish to give him undue praise. He was mortal, like all of us. He had his faults and his failings. It was, I think, President Jackson who said: "Save me from my friends." A wiser than he has said: "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him." Between the hero-worshippers on the one side, and the historical iconoclasts on the other, the true name and fame of Dr. Whitman have been unfortunately misrepresented. But he was a good man and did his work well. So did others.

I have said that the speech of the Indian saved Oregon. I have also said that the credit, the glory and the honor of saving Oregon is due more to Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding than to any other. Others have proclaimed far and wide that Whitman saved Oregon, while still others deny this and ascribe great credit to Rev. Lee. They all saved Oregon. Each in his own place did what he or she could, and each was most important. Like the stones in an arch, each was necessary to support the structure and was dependent upon the others. Jason Lee was the first American citizen to come to Oregon and make it his bachelor home. He was the first to bring to the attention of the authorities at Washington the value and importance of the Willamette Valley and that part of Oregon. He and his associates did much to inaugurate the provincial government, give it a high moral tone and Americanize it. He did his work well.

The two women of whom I have spoken were the first white American women to come to Oregon to make this their home. They endured much, were brave and true. Their coming produced the first tremor of real fear in the breasts of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company of the danger of losing supremacy in the Northwest. They did their work well.

But it was Whitman who brought the first white American woman to this State. Mrs. Spaulding being ill, had to travel more slowly, and did not arrive until a day or two later. It was Whitman who brought the first wagon across the plains to this State, and, if he did not personally drive it all the way himself, he directed its progress over the most difficult parts and caused it to be brought the rest.

It was Whitman who took his life in his hands and crossed the great and terrible wilderness in the dead of winter, going direct to Washington City. He used his influence and information at a most important time, as Lee had done five years before him, for the saving of Oregon. It was Whitman who as a guide, as physician to the sick, and as friend to everyone, did so much to bring the first train of emigrant wagons across the plains to Oregon, and who, at the most critical juncture, saved it from being abandoned or turned aside to the sunny climes of the South. And it was Whitman who, having done what he could for his country and the existence of his mission, settled down faithfully and earnestly to do good to the souls and bodies of the lowly, and, when the spirit of revenge was abroad in the land, was made the victim of the hate of a few unreasoning, renegade savages, who slew their best friend. A martyr to his coun-

try, he gave his life. Who did more? Lee and Whitman were warm personal friends.

It was among her Methodist sisters of the lower country that Mrs. Whitman made her home while her husband was threading those wilds and defiles of the great desert in the dead of winter. Uncertain of his return, or even of his life, she sought solace and comfort with the ladies of his mission. It were base to disparage one for the glorification of the other. But with such a record, who will deny that the name of Dr. Marcus Whitman deserves a high place in the arch of fame, if his be not, indeed, the honor of the keystone? Were he alive to-day, who would be more ready to place a diadem on the brows of the first Christian martyrs of the Northwest Coast, Dr. Marcus and Mrs. Narcissa Whitman, than their fellow-laborer and fellow-citizen, the self-sacrificing, devoted pioneer missionary, Rev. Jason Lee! Brothers they were, both gave their services, one his life.

But while we meet here to-day to pay our tributes to the memories of the sainted dead of our own race, let us not forget that somewhere—like Moses of old, “No one knows of his sepulchre until this day”—but somewhere, perchance on a lonely peak of his mountain home, overlooking the vast domain lying to the north, the south, and the distant west, peopled by hundreds of thousands of thriving citizens, whose prosperity he had much to do in securing to them—somewhere, in an unknown and unmarked grave, lie the bones of one who, moved upon by the Great Spirit of all good to seek in his blind way for more light, touched a spring which set in motion influences that produced such marvelous results. A noble scion of the most superior tribe of Indians in the Pacific Northwest, he did his part, and did it well.

This narrative of the past to which you have listened is not merely an interesting story. It is more than that—it is a challenge. A challenge to us, who enjoy the fruits of what our forefathers have done for the land in which we dwell—a challenge that we, too, do our part in the battle of life as they did their.

What are the needs of the hour? What are we called upon to do? If you will pardon the suggestion, I would like to say in this line of what has been done, that when those public-spirited men founded institutions of learning, they not only provided for the then present needs of the country, but also laid foundations for the future. The Oregon Institute, Tualatin Academy, and Whitman Seminary were sufficient for the time, and were also foundations upon which have grown the institu-

tions of to-day. Our forefathers saw the future and provided for it. From our vantage ground we, too, can see down the vista of the future and with considerable certainty realize its needs. Where now there are thousands there will be millions of people leading busy, active, responsible lives. When the Willamette Valley, the garden spot of the State of Oregon, shall be thickly dotted over with happy homes, when upon the finest sheet of water in the world shall ride thousands of vessels carrying the produce of this vast Inland Empire, as well as the manufactures of the magnificent forests in the western part of the State to the ends of the earth, when industries and commerce shall be so developed that the Northwest Pacific Coast shall have a commanding influence, not only over the United States but over the world, then there will be great demands for men—real men, men of brain, well trained—but above all men of sterling worth and character. Where shall they be found? They naturally must be born, bred and trained in what was Old Oregon. The mission of the Christian college and university is as necessary to-day as it was one hundred years ago. It fills a place as much needed as ever and of importance that will be increased in the same ratio as will be the growth of business and population on this Coast. The religious schools of the West have hard struggles to compete with the State schools, with their generous financial support. They sorely need and must have, if they are to do the work so greatly needed, large endowment, the income of which will enable them to command the best talent and to secure ample equipment, that they may thoroughly train young men and young women for the arduous, responsible, and most important duties of the future. Let us rally to the support of the institutions planted by our fathers. With Willamette University, the outgrowth of the work of the noble Lee and his associates, and Whitman College, erected in memory of the martyred Whitman—one for Oregon and one for Washington—amply endowed, what power for needed good they would become! One in the garden spot of the Northwest—the other in this most highly favored valley, with its mountain breezes, giving health and mental energy to the students within its walls, what better locations could be found and upon what better foundations could they be built? May not the favored recipients of what has been done for us inspire us to emulate and imitate the virtues and characters of these noble heroes and heroines of the long ago?

EDWIN EELLS.